

Good Sir, you wrong your Britches,  
Pleasantly discoursed by a witty Youth, and a wily Wench.  
To the tune of Oh no, no, no, not yet : Or, I'll neuer loue thee more.



**A** Young man and a Lass of late,  
within a Garden Alley,  
As Cupid had commanded him,  
began to court and dally:  
She bade him haue a speciall care,  
he fell into no Witches,  
For so, (quoth she) the proverbe sayes,  
good Sir, you'le wrong your Witches.

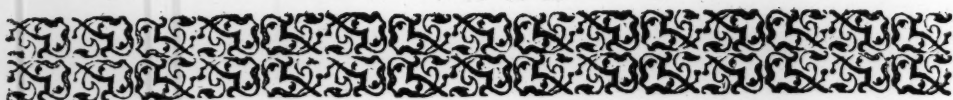
Thou art my onely dearest lone,  
the Youngman then replide:  
I will buy thee a silken gowne,  
a Petticoate beside,  
A Birtle ladd with siluer lace,  
with gallant golden stiches.  
In doing so, good Sir, (quoth she)  
you well may wrong your Witches.

Wee'le walk about the Meddowes greene,  
each Summer morning early.  
For beare (quoth she) 'tis better farre,  
amongst greene Pease and Barly.  
Where if you will a peazing goe,  
you must take by no Fiches:  
Lest those that owe the Peaseod field,  
doe say you wrong your Witches.

Ile giue thee all my Ewes and Lambs,  
and Kine vnto thy Dary.  
To keepe the hoznes your selfe (quoth she)  
I hope you will be warie.  
For they will serue you passing fit,  
to be your hous-hold riches,  
Where if you goe to hozrow hoznes,  
you'le greatly wrong your Witches.

The Minstrell of our towne shall play  
thee still thy mornings Dittie.  
Good Sir (quoth she) I want rewards,  
for one that is so wittie.  
For when I heare your musicke sound,  
my fingers alwaies itches,  
To crowne you with a Fidlers fee:  
you wrong (good Sir) your Witches.

Wee'le feede no more on Barly broth,  
the Grape's a sweeter dyet.  
Too deepe a taste (quoth she) will bring,  
your bodie out of quiet,  
And her you with tormenting gripes,  
of many rumbling stiches:  
That you will be constrain'd (good Sir)  
at last to wrong your Witches.



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The Second part. To the same tune.



I le fight, my Loue, in thy defense,  
my weap ons at thy pleasure.  
Whereat the wilie Wench replide,  
I doubt you le haue no leasure.  
And so you will a daffard prone,  
when as the field he pitches:  
And coming thence for feare away,  
you much may wrong your Witches.

I am a lively Iouiall Lad,  
and for thy sake will swagger:  
Untill the ground looke blue (my Wench)  
my wit shall neuer stagger.  
Take heed (quoth she) lest Midas Asse  
your owne pate bewitches:  
For being drunke, then with your Dunke,  
good Sir, you le wrong your Witches.

A Pot and Pipe is all my life,  
for this becomes a wooer:  
Come, bonny Wesse, let's coll and kisse,  
I am no other dooer.  
Hold off (quoth she) your hands are soule,  
and all my cloathes bewitches:  
For if you thus benioyle your selfe,  
you le greatly wrong your Witches.

My dapple gray to beare thee hence,  
shall soone be saddled finely:  
To ride and runne for thee, my Loue,  
so thou wilt vse me kindly.  
But if you ride too fast (quoth she)  
hee le throw vs into ditches:  
And so shall I bemyer my selfe,  
and you much wrong your Witches.

The Pongman at these wilely words,  
in friendly manner smiled:  
In that she had so cunningly,  
his proffered loue beguiled.  
But yet at last she tooke of him,  
himselke and all his riches:  
And would no more then scoffing say,  
(Good Sir) you wrong your Witches.

Thus Cupid is a wilely Lad,  
and well his Boib can handle:  
To make pong Wenchs light their lamps,  
to burne by Venus Candle.  
For I am now in loue (quoth she)  
this pong man me bewitches:  
And I am vert that ere I said,  
(Good Sir) you wrong your Witches.